# A Copy of a Love-Letter from a young Getleman in this Neighbourhood, to the lovely Nymph in Mofely-ſtreet; with the young Lady's anſwer; and a Copy of verſes in praiſe of the young Lady. They were found in Drurly-lane, near the new Play-houſe by a Gentleman laſt night, who ordered them to be printed, to gratify the Curioſity of the Public.

*MADAM,*

YOU will be ſupprized at receiving this letter from me, but your beauty and virtue having been the common diſcourſe of both town and country, curioſity led me to be deſirous of ſeeing ſuch a celebrated beauty, and I never having experienced love's fatal dart, I uſed my endeavours to obtain a ſight of you, which I did the other day; but oh! ye gods, at the firſt ſight of your charming face, it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the alteration I found in my heart, for the little blind god aimed his arrows ſo that they pierced my heart that inſtant. I directly went home reflecting upon my curioſity, and curſing the day mine eyes ever beheld ſuch beauty, for it will either be the worſt or beſt of days to me, that ever happened to mankind, the worſt if rejected by you, but the beſt if I have only the happineſs of being received into your favour, was it only ſo far as to be daily in your preſence, and attend the brighteſt goddeſs upon earth. Now Madam, as I have fixed my name to this love epiſtle, in all probability you may have heard of me, but if not, thinks proper to acquaint you, that I have a capital, wherewithal to ſupport myſelf and family, in a genteel manner; could I be bleſt with a partner, ſuch as yourſelf, who I am aſſured I can ſpend the remainder of my days in happineſs; and as to my perſon, yourſelf will be the beſt judge if I may have but the happineſs of being admitted into your company; and as a tyrant's heart can never be lodged in ſuch a breaſt as your's, begs you will anſwer this by the firſt opportunity, and if I am to arrive at that, happineſs appoint the time when and place where I may have that conferred upon me, on which depends the honour welfare or deſtruction of, Madam, one who is, and ever will be, your's and only yours,

*B. H.*

*SIR,*

I Received your letter with aſtoniſhment, not being acquainted with your name, but much more when I read the contents of it, to find that not you only [illegible] in general, ſpeak ſo much in praiſe of my beauty, a thing I leaſt deſerve of any thing in this world, and of which, I am not anxious to hear, deeming it only flattery. In your's, you ſay, that on my conduct depends your future happineſs or miſery, and that you cannot think that a tyrant's heart can lodge in ſuch a breaſt as mine, in the laſt you are very right, I never had an obdurate heart in my life, nor I hope I never ſhall; and as for your fortune I never enquired, or never ſhall after it, as it is my determined reſolution to marry the man I love, with whom I would rather go a begging than ride in coach and ſix, with the perſon I did not love, and as you ſeem to have an ardent deſire of my company, though I do not intend to meet any gentleman alone, yet will ſatisfy you ſo far as to acquaint you I ſhall be on a viſit at Mr B's, on Thurſday next, it being in commemoration of their marriage, and as you are I hear, not a ſtranger to Mr B. or his lady, if you chuſe to be there at that time, you will meet with one who [illegible] them as your ſincere ſervant, yet wiſher.

*A. P.*

Of all the beauties that do dwell,
In England's peaceful ſhade,
There is not one who can compare,
With this moſt charming maid.

Her outward form all beauty's in[illegible]
Her heart is ſtill untainted;
Such is the maid of whom I write,
No virtue in her is wanted.

Happy the man, thrice happy he,
Who's bleſt with ſuch a bride;
With pleaſure he will ſpend his life,
Until God, ſhall them [illegible]